





# THE SONG OF SILENCE

BY

**SHRI PUROHIT SWAMI**

*Author of "In Quest of Myself", "Harbinger of Love",  
"Honey-Comb", "Gunjarao", etc., etc.*



**(For Private Circulation only)**

**PUBLISHED BY**

**V. S. CHITALE, B.A.**

**360, SHANWAR PETH, POONA CITY**



# THE SONG OF SILENCE.

(1)

My Lord ! Let me sing the song of silence on the harp of  
Thy love,  
And pull the wires of peace,  
And let it vibrate through the hearts of the world  
And fill them with the message of Truth eternal.  
My Lord ! Let me sing the song of silence without word  
and rhyme,  
And let it break asunder the trammels of my mind  
And pour forth in torrents the melody of love,  
To enliven the spirits of the world  
And prepare them to long for the life of Wisdom eternal.  
My Lord ! Let me sing the song of silence  
And let it silently reverberate  
And inspire the conscience of the world to yearn for life  
beyond,  
A Life of Divine Bliss eternal.

(2)

I am a miser and I love myself,  
And lay by the expenditure of my love.  
I am a sinner and I love myself,  
And revel in the sins of my love.  
I am a lawyer and I love myself,  
And hail the defeats of my love.  
I am a friar and I love myself,  
And spurn the trophies of my love.  
I am a lover and I love myself,  
And never care to chide the world of my love.

## (3)

I am both rich and poor,  
Rich with the riches of peace,  
And poor with the poverty of my lust.  
I am both young and old,  
Young with the buoyancy of love,  
And old with the wrinkles of desire.  
I am both alive and dead,  
Alive to the duty of life beyond,  
And dead to the ephemeral charms of the world.

## (4)

From the heights of self  
The river of life issues  
And passing along the woods of desire  
Through the banks of delusion runs.  
The vaunting brooks of kith and kin  
In its eager course, does it embrace  
And sheltering the aqueous life of lucre and lust  
Through whirlpools and rocks of reason and faith  
Flows headlong.  
They murmur and roar  
The rippling waves of virtue and vice  
And on their bosom carry along  
The trophies of proud feather and foam  
And in the sour ocean of death  
Their sweetness merge  
Only their fate to lament  
In the annihilation of self.

## (5)

My Lord ! If Thou wilt not, who dare show me the way ?  
The district is hilly and the path is full of rugged virtue.  
The river of delusion winds its way throughout  
With the murmuring waves of egoism.  
The life of venom creeps along and hisses me beside the way.  
I am alone and the creation of my mind terrorizes me.  
My feet are wearied,  
And I ascend my steps only to descend them twice.  
My Lord ! If Thou wilt not, who dare me show the way ?

## (6)

Let me die my death before I am born,  
And let my birth preach the simple song of life.  
Let me be as small as the atom  
And reach the sky and vie the vastness of the ocean,  
To sing the song of the humblest greatness of life.  
Let me break the ice  
And emit the flames of fire to burn the venom of the world,  
And drink the toast of the divine nectar of bliss and love  
Unfathomable.

## (7)

I want to create something out of nothing,  
My Lord ! is it impossible ?  
I know ignorance is the surest test of wisdom,  
My Lord ! is it unreasonable ?  
I believe oblivion is the grandest way to love,  
My Lord ! is it impracticable ?

(8)

Here's a curious problem that has baffled the brains of  
mathematics.

I add and I subtract,

And the answer is the same.

I multiply and I divide,

And the answer is the same.

I gain and I lose,

Name it what you choose,

But the answer is ever the same.

(9)

I implore Thee to come, my Lord !

Come soon, and empty the fulness of my heart.

I implore Thee to come, my Lord !

Come soon, and fill the emptiness of my heart.

I implore Thee to come, my Lord !

Come soon, and suffer me to implore Thy presence always  
in my heart.

(10)

Every soul is in his element

And enjoys the song of life to his heart's content.

He has got his own harp,

And pulls the wires of his own choice

And invariably applies his own standard of music,

Marking his own as the best in the whole lot.

He accepts what suits his tune

And rejects the dissonant choir.

He ascends the throne of his own making,

And never cares for the strictures of the world beyond.

## (11)

I am the rose,  
And I'll not dare to pluck the flower of my own ;  
I am the mango,  
And I'll not dare to eat the fruit of my own.  
I am the river,  
And I'll not dare to drink the water of my own ;  
I am the ocean,  
And I'll not dare to refuse the river of my own.  
I am the sun,  
And I'll not dare to swallow the rays of my own ;  
I am the world,  
And I'll not dare to chide the beings of my own.

## (12)

I worship the stars and I worship the moon,  
I worship the tree and I worship the stone.  
I worship the man and I worship the cow,  
I worship the sword and I worship the plough.  
I worship the mountain and I worship the river,  
I worship the bow and I worship the quiver.  
I worship the cuckoo and I worship the spring,  
I worship the pearls for I worship the string.

## (13)

I'll humour my wit  
And laugh away my smile,  
Life is a precious boon  
And I'll not lose a while.  
I'll not suffer to lose  
But hoard the running hour,  
I'll have the soul to choose,  
And ignore the mortal cover.



I have had enough of birth  
 I am tired of recurring life,  
 My Lord ! Let me know my real worth  
 And help me to end my strife.

(14)

'Tis a bad bargain to hate,  
 'Tis a missile that strikes me first, and lays me prostrate  
 Ere it strikes its aim.  
 It loses the balance of my own  
 And drawing the blood from my veins  
 Unhinges the fibres of my love  
 To the dismal ruin of both.  
 'Tis an attempt at self-interest  
 That loses the supreme interest in Self all the while.

(15)

Ah! Thou fleeting moment of bliss !  
 Wait, and tell me why art thou come,  
 Which is thy place of birth  
 And whitherto thou art flying in haste.  
 Wait, and tell me the nature of thy being,  
 The form of thy bliss  
 And the purpose of thy mission.  
 Wait, and tell me the truth of thy life,  
 And the life of thy truth,  
 Which I long so much to instil in my heart forever.

## (16)

My Lord ! I am eager the river to cross.  
 Thou art ready with Thy boat, to row me to the other bank .  
 But I am diffident and weak.  
 I myself would have gladly swam across  
 But I dare not dip my feet in water for fear of catching cold.  
 I have been waiting all along from time immemorial  
 In the hope that the current would stop  
 But it does not.  
 My Lord ! Canst Thou not help me to save the situation ?

## (17)

Ah ! Thou falling star !  
 Thou wert enthroned in the heavens for ages bygone  
 The moment of thy birth shrouded in darkness of time  
 Impenetrable to the brains of learning.  
 Thou hast shed myriad sparks of twinkling light  
 And blest the struggling worlds with thy hopeful smile.  
 Alas ! At last the fatal hour is come  
 And thou hast shone and burnt thyself to death  
 And lo ! I hold thee in my palm with ease  
 And sigh over thy lump of earth  
 In resignation and peace.

## (18)

My Lord ! Let me be like the fish,  
 And learn to swim,  
 And have my being in the waters of Thy love forever.  
 I would never care to give up my home  
 To bask in the brilliant rays of the sun  
 Or the shooting smile of the star,

To enjoy the warble of the bird  
 Or the fragrance of the spring,  
 To taste the fruits of nature  
 Or to fly in the azure dome.  
 Let me pledge my everlasting faith  
 And never lose it at the sacrifice of my life.

## (19)

I am ready to receive the fragrance,  
 But I am waiting  
 Till the flowers gather themselves  
 And run into my basket.  
 I am ready to welcome the Ganges,  
 But I am waiting  
 Till the waves gather themselves  
 And purify me with their holy bath.  
 I am ready to cross the mountain,  
 But I am waiting  
 Till the trees gather themselves  
 And carry me on their shoulders across.  
 I am ready to bless myself,  
 But I am waiting  
 Till the blessings gather themselves  
 And hail me with their showers.

## (20)

I am storing bags of winds,  
 The means of my fleeting happiness.  
 I know they would not save me in times of distress,  
 The metal and the stamp  
 Have no value in the market hereafter.  
 I dote over my changing moods  
 And hate and love  
 With suppressed breath.

I guard them with care,  
 And pay for the guard  
 Only to find in the end  
 That the things are not worth the payment.

## (21)

'Tis easy to hate than love.  
 A child can burn but build it not  
 And a stone can roll down the descent  
 But dare not an upright cliff to climb.  
 One can slip down the mossy slope of vice an effort without  
 But dare not easily ascend the heights of rugged virtue.  
 A prodigy of virtue is he who for hatred his love returns  
 For knows he that offspring of ignorance  
 Which can elicit pity in his heart at best  
 And from his lips a prayer  
 For the erring soul's uplift.

## (22)

I know the fault of my teeth,  
 But I'll not suffer my tongue to voice forth the error abroad.  
 They in the world cannot their sympathy spare  
 Never, for neither of them  
 And would only sneer within and laugh aloud.  
 Both of them I want  
 And gently would their follies chide  
 And in peace and happiness  
 Try to set them in tune,  
 Instead breaking them asunder  
 In my wrath to ruin us all.

## (23)

Thou Angel of Love !

Let me but touch the skirts of Thy robe flowing in the air  
And I'll cherish the memory of that bliss  
To the last moments of my life.

Let me hear the ringing ripple of Thy smiles  
And I'll allow them to reverberate through the recesses of  
my heart

To the last moments of my life.

Let me but inhale the sweet fragrance of Thy breath

And I'll fondly foster the freshness of my mind

To the last moments of my life.

## (24)

My Lord ! Give me Thy judgment,

I lay before Thee the virtue of my vice,

Virtue and vice, are they not relative ?

The former owes its elevation and name

To methinks like me a sinner-soul.

I know 'tis Thy favourite

But art Thou so cruel the effect to embrace

And suffer all the while the merits of the cause to ignore ?

## (25)

Come along, my little singing bird !

Thou needst not be afraid.

I'll not for thy voice in my golden cage

Imprison and shut thee from the sky for ever.

Come along, thou art myself,

Eat the crumbs of bread in my hand

And fly away at ease.

Thou needst not be afraid.

I'll not twist thy neck and boil thy flesh  
 My dish to serve  
 And hasten thee from this world forever.  
 Come along, thou art myself,  
 Drink the water in my bowl  
 And then fly away at ease.  
 Thou needst not be afraid.  
 But from the sky descend  
 And will I teach thee the mission of thy song  
 And shall we enjoy the life of love and friendship for ever.  
 Come along, thou art myself,  
 Let me have thee on my palm  
 And hear thy song  
 And then sky away at ease.

## (26)

I embrace the many, for I embrace the one,  
 I welcome the rays, for I welcome the sun.  
 I ignore the sin, for I've gone through the stage,  
 I excuse the bondage, for I was a bird of the cage.  
 I condone the ignorance, for I know I had my chance,  
 I pity the poor, for I was not rich all at once.  
 I know the world, for sure 'tis born of Him,  
 I love the world, for it always lives with Him.

## (27)

Truth knows no darkness.  
 Though 'tis screened by the shadows of calumny  
 Born of hate and envy  
 'Tis bound in time to shed its lustre of peace and goodwill  
     towards all  
 Whether they long for it or not.  
 Truth knows no disguise.  
 Though it panders not to the wayward taste of time,

'Twill assert its claim  
 And break through the mist of fog and ignorance  
 To shine forth with renewed light  
 And fill the sky with the breath of love and harmony  
 Whether it longs for it or not.  
 Truth knows no defence.  
 'Twill not leave its throne of justice  
 Founded on the rock of divine consciousness  
 To stand the witness-box of the world,  
 But will sing the song of freedom  
 In the undulating waves of the air  
 And fill it with eternal joy and bliss  
 Whether it longs for it or not.

## (28)

Nay, pluck not the rose, my dear,  
 Lest it hurt the feelings of the mother.  
 Be it blessed with the presence of the child,  
 The smile of Nature thou canst enjoy from afar  
 Behold, through its veins passes the shudder sharp,  
 As thou art trying to approach  
 With thy motive malignant.  
 To the piteous implorings listen  
 Though inaudible to the common stalk,  
 And try it not to hasten thy cruel resolve.  
 Have pity  
 And never alone breathe the fragrance sweet  
 Leaving the rightful heir  
 To mourn in silence  
 With no voice of defence.

## (29)

I hear Thy message from afar.  
The thrilling notes of Thy song  
Hush the throbbings of my heart  
And prepare my mind for the aerial flight of joy.  
'Tis Thy call of Love  
That breathes through the wires of peace  
And hastens the craving soul for the aerial flight of joy.  
I ope my eyes and gaze  
Listlessly at the sky  
And down my cheeks the tears roll  
And in gratitude I close them down  
To suffer the aerial flight of joy.

## (30)

I love not when I expect love in return,  
I hate not when I expect hate in return.  
My so-called love I fully enjoy  
When I see the nectar of love flows along  
From out my beloved's heart.  
And alike my so-called hate  
When I see the blood of distress oozing wild  
From out my hated heart.  
Our love and hate, have a double tongue  
And a double deal,  
And nothing more foreign to truth  
For they know not how to wound or heal.



## (31)

Seated was I on the throne in my mansion  
In the famous city of nine gates.  
Surrendered had I my powers of reign  
Unto the hands of the ministers ten  
And in oblivion sweet  
Whiled away my life,  
And knew not the kingdom affairs.  
Never thought I,  
That they would my cause betray  
And for the enemies six  
Open the gates  
And allow them the city to plunder and burn  
And eject me therefrom perforce  
To move in search for another one.

## (32)

'Tis all a happy show.  
There speak the dumb with the tongue of silence  
With such a voice aloud  
That the world lends a deaf ear to the song,  
And the blind see with the vision of darkness  
With such a powerful light  
That the world is blind-folded to the sight.  
The lame ascends the shoulders of the deaf  
And sings in praise of the journey,  
The latter listening in raptures  
To the melodious song all the while.

## (33)

My Lord ! Cans't Thou not pity me ?  
 I have been searching for Thee all along,  
 I approached the shining star,  
 And it answered my query with a twinkling wile ;  
 I approached the blooming flower,  
 And it answered my query with a careless smile;  
 I approached the garrulous brook,  
 And it answered my query with a reckless noise;  
 I approached the learned book,  
 And it answered my brains to make my own choice;  
 I approached the living saint,  
 And he answered me quaintly to try and search my home  
     within.  
 My Lord! Cans't Thou not pity me, a puzzled soul?

## (34)

'Tis the tree without the roots,  
 But the branches pierce the infinite sky  
 And never bear a single flower or fruit.  
 Enamoured of its expansive shade  
 The birds of divers colour and tune  
 From distant land and clime invade  
 In hopes of a happy healthy home.  
 They dance and they sing,  
 They bill and they coo ;  
 They sigh and they laugh  
 They fight and they rue;  
 Till at the fatal hour their form they change  
 And a different nest exchange.  
 From time immemorial the process goes on  
 And relief intervenes  
 When the leaves swallow the tree  
 Away vanish the birds  
 And will end with endless time.

(35)

My Lord! I am afraid to walk the rugged path of solitude  
alone.

Thy silent step that follows I hear,  
It guards me my journey along  
But my fancy alas! creates many a form of fear  
That persuades me to wend my steps back again.  
I am out of form,  
And will not play the game,  
But my Lord!  
Wilt Thou not guide and help me in Thy form?

(36)

Many a time, to the shore, they go  
And gather pebbles on the beach.  
The simple herd are they,  
That hoard them as their precious stones  
And their wealth enjoy  
With all the innocent self-deceit that they can command.  
With a vigilant eye  
Their treasure-trove they guard  
And over the tale lament  
If a single coin is lost.  
The depth of the sea  
And the pleasure of the pearls  
Are their ken beyond  
Their chance they waste  
And hug the fancy, with no blood and life  
And form and flesh without.

## (37)

What art thou looking at the looking-glass, my child!  
Never expect, 'twill not show the wrinkles of age  
That in silence creep  
The roses of youth beneath.  
Never expect, 'twill not show the darkness of death  
That the glimmer of sight shadows  
And fades with the loss of nerve.  
Never expect 'twill not show the fires infernal  
That are weltering wild  
To gulp down the faithless heart  
Of folly and pride.

## (38)

Here are the trophies of abuse,  
For the fading laurels of fame to make amends ;  
Pray, hesitate not, but accept them.  
Here are the triumphs of hatred,  
For the slippery tunes of praise to make amends ;  
Pray, never be morose, but accept them.  
Here are the records of Heaven,  
For the writ of mortal censure to make amends,  
Pray, be not nervous, but accept them.

## (39)

A virtue in practice,  
'Tis worth a myriad sermons in the world.  
They are the autumn clouds,  
In vain they roar  
With no power to shower or pour.  
The credulous bird they deceive,  
And the applause they win  
Of the empty vault azure  
That echoes in response.

## (40)

The world is a puzzle of endless divergence,  
Those who know the joining link  
The barrier can trespass  
That brings woe to the smiling earth.  
In the desert of conflict  
The plant of unity can they nurse  
And share in common the happiness fruits.  
The gulf of interests over they bridge  
And themselves drown  
To save their beloved selves  
Of another form and hue.

## (41)

Begin to know the ignorance of thy Self  
And that is the stepping-stone to wisdom,  
Begin to enter the bonds of faith  
And that is the nearest cut to freedom.  
Begin to condone the fault of thy brother  
And that is the first lesson in love,  
Begin to forget the nature of thy self  
And that is the surest way to heaven above.  
Wisdom, love and freedom  
Open the gates for the Divine Kingdom.

## (42)

I hear thy wireless message of love,  
The promise is there  
That boon of peace and happiness,  
And the greed for wealth and fame  
Ever clamouring for war  
Is hushed in silence sweet.

The billows of blood that roar in martial frame  
 Are calmed  
 And a truce eternal  
 For the world inmates  
 Is proclaimed for good.

## (43)

Never thyself with thy tongue deceive,  
 An idol thou worshipping  
 Though thy voice dost proclaim  
 An edict the system against  
 As barbarous and crude.  
 'Tis not thy idol of earth and stone  
 But of flesh and blood,  
 Of nerve and bone.  
 Day and night art thou toiling  
 Till at last thy work and sweat the idol kills  
 And underneath the mother Earth and stone buries.

## (44)

I pluck the flower  
     And still it showers its smile,  
 I hew the sandal  
     And it emits its perfume all the while.  
 The water I boil  
     And still it begins to dance.  
 I trample upon the soil  
     And still it gives me a chance.  
 I ignore the Nature  
     And yet she plays her part.  
 I forget Thy love  
     And still it shines in my heart.

## (45)

They are sleeping with their eyes wide awake.  
The sight of vision is lost  
And they grope in search of truth with vacant aim,  
With things of divers light  
The chance they try  
And worried of travel and search  
Pause in hopeless hope,  
Till at last by dint of habit  
They persuade themselves to believe  
The fatal deceit  
And hug its charm  
In innocent folly and blessed content.

## (46)

'Tis a curious game.  
Thou art scaling the heights  
With thy eyes and feet moving down the slope ;  
Thou art crossing the tide  
With thy aim and arm drooping against the hope ;  
Thou art worshipping thy Self  
With thy mind and reason shocking away thy faith,  
Thou art living away thy life  
With thy labour and love gliding along thy death.

## (47)

'Tis all the pleasure of self.  
The thing outside, to my heart so endeared,  
Owes not its choice to the merits of its charm  
Nor owes its acceptance with all its faults  
To the conscious goodwill on my vaunting part.

But its welcome has its birth  
 In my selfish will  
 Though never I blush  
 To impress it with the charitable stamp  
 Of benevolence and love.

## (48)

My Lord ! Thou art so late.  
 My eyes have lost their light  
     In Thy search in times bygone,  
 My hands have lost their might  
     In pious deeds of hope forlorn,  
 Pardon me, if I dare not lift my eyes  
 To see my Love,  
 Nor stretch my welcome arms  
 To embrace Thy form above.

## (49)

Excuse me the longings of my sight,  
     For I know, thou art beyond my light ;  
 Excuse me the longings of my arms,  
     For I know, thou art beyond my charms.  
 Excuse me, the longings of my hope,  
     For I know, thou art beyond my scope ;  
 Excuse me, the longings of my heart,  
     For I know, 'tis a conceit on my part.



(50)

Enough of my freedom, my Lord !  
To Thy bonds, I resign myself.  
Am tired of my golden chains  
That the sounding name of freedom bear,  
They shine  
And a solid value in the world they fetch,  
But all along dare deceive  
And brighten the ends of slavish darkness.

(51)

'Twas all a mighty fun,  
I was trying to fill the ocean to the brim  
And patch up holes in the dome,  
I was killing my bones to add to the soil  
And convey truth to Thy home,  
I was shedding my tears to avert the dearth  
And carry rains to the field,  
I was trying to help the fountain of strength  
And fight the world with my shield.

(52)

Let it burn itself to death.  
I know the fury of the fire  
It all depends upon the strength of the fuel.  
Cut the supply  
And see how the flame flickers and kills itself.  
Patient love and a nerve of cruel fibre  
The functions of mind can conquer,  
And enjoy the scene  
How the flames swallow themselves  
And liberate the mother fire.

## (53)

My Lord ! I am afraid to grant Thy will in every place.  
I gladly dedicate my virtue to Thy love with open mind  
But I blush with my sin, within myself  
And withhold it as my own.  
My Lord ! Help me to ascribe both to Thy decree divine  
And secure the cohesion of them in virtue alone  
Thus paving my way to Thy will supreme.

## (54)

'Tis always a fountain dry,  
The pipe to the right brings supply  
That for all the time would suffice,  
But the one to the left drains the store  
With equal speed  
Leaving no help in times of woe,  
With unblushing speed runs the game of hide and seek  
Till at last tired of their strength  
To their temporal home of rest  
The players succumb.

## (55)

'Tis the divine will that revealed itself.  
I see my Lord, in and out,  
There's no place for a single doubt.  
I see His vision and hear His song,  
He guides my journey all along.  
I see my Master, up and down,  
Of truth and bliss, He wears the crown.  
He is the song, and He is the pipe,  
He is the singer of the sublimest type.

## (56)

Sweet is Thy name and sweeter Thy love.  
They carry me safely to the Kingdom above.  
Sweet is Thy vision and sweeter Thy help,  
They carry me safely through beauty and self.  
Sweet is Thy song and sweeter Thy faith,  
They carry me safely through life and death.  
Sweet is Thy presence and sweeter Thy scope,  
They carry me safely through regions of hope.

## (57)

He is here and there and everywhere.  
He is in the smile of the lotus  
And the twinkle of the star;  
He is in the wonders of the foetus  
And the clamour of the war.  
He is in the blush of the rose  
And the bounds of the brook;  
He is in the wrinkles of the age  
And the deceits of the hook.  
He is in the flourish of the blade  
And the horror of the shell;  
He is in the soil and the spade  
And the charms of the spell.

## (58)

I would like to reap the harvest of peace.  
My gun as my plough I use  
And in my field the bullets sow  
And shower the rain of fire.  
I wait and a bumper crop expect  
And a vigilant watch do I keep

Over the birds from the sky that sweep  
 And my hopes ruin.  
 To my surprise I see  
 The grains of war in the ear of greed  
 Born of blood and bone  
 That reared them in silence all alone.

## (59)

Lucky are they who listen to Thy message.  
 They neither hate nor envy  
 Spurn nor desire  
 Neither mourn their loss  
 Nor gloat over their glory.  
 Happy are they who receive Thy message.  
 They have realized their being  
 And rightly revel in their reckless humility  
 Paying their dutiful homage  
 To the throne of their love  
 In perfect content and silence.  
 Blessed are they who deliver Thy message.  
 They alone have fulfilled the mission of life  
 And breathed the air of bliss divine  
 And merging themselves  
 In the eternal will of the Absolute Self  
 Have unfurled the banner of peace  
 High above the struggling world.

## (60)

'Tis not the charm of the soil  
 But the memory of Thy virtue  
 That sanctifies the piece of earth,  
 'Tis not the height of the place  
 But the memory of Thy love  
 That lends the holy hill its worth.

'Tis not the sweetness of the water  
 But the memory of Thy blessing  
 That deifies the river,  
 'Tis not the price of the skin  
 But the service of the arrow  
 That endears the quiver.

(61)

Away with the logic that shatters the smile of the poor,  
 Away with the smile that cleaves the bonds of the dear,  
 Away with the calm that brings woe to the hearth  
     of cheer,  
 Away with the song that burns the sense of those  
     that hear.  
 Away with the pride that cares not for its spiritual  
     goal,  
 Away with the vaunt that dares not help the rise  
     of the soul.

(62)

My Lord! Wouldst Thou help me out of the woods?  
 The roar of greed I hear  
 The tender nerve of mine it breaks,  
 The shades of darkness deepen  
 That never allow the ray of Thy hope.  
 I am helpless and forlorn  
 And the bonds of my faith  
 Are fast losing their hold,  
 And despair and gloom  
 Make me lose my hope  
 To join Thy lotus feet.

(63)

I enjoy the glory of peace  
Under the shadow of Thy grace divine.  
'Tis an escort of virtue  
That carries me safely,  
Through the toil and turmoil of life  
Leaving my worldly hopes  
To mourn in silence.  
The calls to mundane duty  
Whisper their notes of charm  
And allure me  
From the consciousness of Thy right supreme.  
The murmurings of my jilted pride  
Are hushed up in calm  
And a genial truce proclaimed  
Under the rule of Thy love benign.

(64)

They work out Thy mission in silence.  
Their life shrouded in the darkness of age  
And their task toilsome  
To the struggling soul unknown.  
Their field of operation  
Does embrace the whole creation  
And their boon of love  
Extends to every life  
Colour and creed without.  
With their soothing balm  
The patient is healed  
But he knows not the benevolent spell,  
And enjoys his ignorance sweet  
Since they keep themselves  
All along the veil behind.

## (65)

Theirs is the labor of love.  
    spurn the glory of the flesh,  
The world can bestow in its sanguine mood of benevolence,  
Or in return to the virtue of their help;  
They burn the faggots of praise and censure  
In the fire of peace  
And shower the blessings of hope  
Without the noise of the drop.  
The smile and perfume of the rose  
Enlivens the spirit  
And the vaunting world knows it not.

## (66)

Thou art pulling the wires from behind.  
I find Thee ever  
In the tears of joy and grief  
As well the struggle of war and peace.  
Whether in the flutter of the bird  
Or the roar of the cloud  
The rustling of the leaf  
Or the hopeful flower smile,  
I see Thy power supreme  
That maintains its rule  
In law and order  
To the final bliss of the world.

## (67)

They are the angels of love.  
No mortal air they breathe  
But live in the sphere unknown ;  
And no gown of flesh and blood they wear  
But suffer the convenient garb of whim.

The ailing life with care they watch  
 And nurse the struggling nerve ;  
 They keep the vigil the divers forms throughout  
 And pursue and help the yearning soul  
 Till at last he grasps Thy light above.

## (68)

I hear Thy voice in my dreams.  
 Thy ringing tune breaks upon my sleeping nerves  
 And sends a thrill through lulling mood,  
 The touch divine  
 With lively bliss surcharged  
 Drags me from the trammels of slumber away  
 Till at last the journey  
 Through dull darkness of my mind  
 Makes me swoon  
 And forget the charm  
 When wide awake.

## (69)

My Lord! Let me love Thee for the sake of love.  
 I long Thy vision of life to see  
 And the darkness of dormant life to cross  
 I yearn to hear Thy song of bliss  
 And ignore the fleeting charms of the world.  
 My worship has its birth in hope  
 And my faith has its life in Thy truth.  
 On the firm rock of Thy benevolent greatness  
 My choice I maintain,  
 Thus adding a slur on the nature of selfless love.



(70)

I do not believe in my faith.  
On the tottering sands of prudent speculation  
Did I found my mansion of faith;  
'Twill not suffer  
The blast of Thy test  
Or the showers of Thy wrath.  
Let the air breathe the sweetness of bliss  
And never pollute the sphere  
With the biting currents of misfortune  
And I'll maintain my ground  
And profess my belief  
On the avowed merits of my virtue.

(71)

They are all the blessings of the serpentine fire,  
'Tis the offspring of renunciation  
And has its living in Thy power supreme,  
'Tis a latent force  
That opens its virtue with the coming of Thy grace.  
'Tis the sweet song of truth  
That foreruns the spring of Thy love.  
It breaks through the coils of births  
And hurrying the struggling soul  
From out the soporific charm of the world  
Instals the recipient  
On the throne of Self.

## (72)

Blessed are those that know the serpentine truth.  
They in the world sleep over their strength  
And gloat over the happy ignorance  
Of the link divine.

The structure is reared  
On the rocks of faith and sacrifice,  
On service and abnegation of self.  
In twain is shattered the mind  
And in gloom the functions fly.  
It opes the gates of vision  
And pours forth in torrents  
The showers of bliss eternal.

## (73)

Where art thou running, my fleeting mind!  
Art thou not exhausted of thy itinerant life  
Led through the cycle of divers form and place  
Every change adding to thy range  
Myriads of fields and pastures new,  
And augmenting thy speed at every forward step ?  
Canst thou not pause  
And break through the wheels of whirling greed  
And spend a lonely while  
To ponder over thy solid stock for ages past ?  
Thou shalt find  
Thou hast gained the loss  
And lost thy gain  
In happiest self-deceit.

## (74)

Why art thou crying, my babe?  
A moment before  
Thou wert groping in the foetus maze  
In silence without a sob or tear.  
Art thou so loathe to leave thy immortal seat  
And join the polluted air of the world  
Engrossed in cares of the transient life?  
Hast thou not lost that memory sweet  
Of unflinching truth and bliss eternal  
From whence thy descent makes thee sad  
And pour forth thy piteous plaint  
In mystic terms  
Before the simple herd that flocks  
To hail thy birth with ceremonious joy?

## (75)

'Tis Thy look without the eyes  
That cheers the hearts of the dear,  
'Tis Thy smile without the lips  
That enlivens the spirits of the lover.  
'Tis Thy help without the self  
That opens the eternal weal,  
'Tis Thy love without a vaunt  
That avoids the cycling wheel.

## (76)

My Lord ! Teach me the language of Thy tongue,  
I hear the song of the cuckoo,  
It fills my heart  
With ecstatic hope of lands unknown,  
And carries me away

In quest of the note primeval  
 That runs through all  
 Man or brute, bird or ant.  
 With the changing form, the alphabet varies  
 And cleaves the bonds of birth  
 Shutting the regions of sympathy and love  
 In unconscious silence to mourn their loss.  
 Let me touch the joining chord  
 That vibrates through them all  
 And I'll construe the line of hate and love  
 That breathes through the various modes of life.

(77)

'Tis the habit of self-sameness  
 That runs through the nature of the wise.  
 Wealth and power surrender their charms  
 And join hands with the poor and ugly  
 Their humble homage to pay  
 At the throne of his all-embracing love.  
 Throws he his self-same vision  
 On every phase of life  
 That under his ken comes  
 Without the distinction bane  
 In rank and virtue  
 And through all the struggling lungs of the worlds  
 Breathes the air of hope.

(78)

Adieu to the truth, that dares not withstand the ravages  
 of time,  
 Adieu to the logic, that dares not face the terrors of reason  
 and rhyme ;

Adieu to the love, that dares not buffet the censure of  
criticism hurled.

Adieu to the bliss, that dares not suffer the flags of fate  
unfurled.

## (79)

I've got the savings of my own.

I ransack the world

Of all the coins of various metal and stamp

And renounce them away

As devoid of truth and virtue.

I add the coins of my experience,

Though without form and space,

And pile the invaluable assets

In my coffers of life.

Never do I leave my treasure behind

Like the rich

But away I take it on my back

When I change my abode

And join my place of choice

Where await in swarms the unknown tears and smiles.

## (80)

I am searching myself without my own,

Though seated am I in my heart

Ready to shine and bless.

On my neck the pearls have I got

And I am running abroad in search of the lace.

In calm and peace I count the world

And suffer the threats of joy and pain,

Omitting myself without my knowledge all along.

(81)

'Tis all a pack of blinds.  
They stumble upon the elephant form  
So huge and mighty  
And pass the judgment of their own;  
They grasp the trunk, the foot and the back  
And hail it as the serpent, the post and the wall,  
Blind are they  
And it blinds their reason;  
And they would not wait to think  
But dare pass their judgment in haste  
And incur the pity of the wise.

(82)

Let me learn the art of faith,  
I'll challenge my right of belief  
If on the slippery sands of ignorance it stands,  
And not on the basic rock of self-experience  
And having its birth in thwarted reason.  
Self-satisfaction is no fault  
Nor an uncommon demand,  
Though it works the waste of labour and age,  
I'll struggle and fail  
And over my defeat pause to think  
And grasp the steel of faith  
To snatch the laurels of glory in the end.

(83)

Let me be the master of myself.  
I'll concentrate my will  
And swim in the sky,  
And with suppressed breath join the planets

And cutting the barriers of length and weakness  
 Shall in unknown hearts  
 Whisper message of kindred love,  
 I shall be as strong as strength itself.  
 And in wreckless joy move in the world  
 Undaunted by the threats of power mundane,  
 I shall be as light as the air  
 And float in the struggling life of flesh and blood;  
 And suffer the fate of helpless woe  
 Singing the silent song of sympathetic love  
 To those that care to know.

(84)

They ne'er forget themselves.  
 The fire knows it how to burn  
 And the water to drench it how,  
 And ages of unfathomable length  
 Have failed their nature to change.  
 'Tis only human life  
 That dares proclaim its vaunt of reason  
 And tamely suffers to ignore  
 Its primeval place  
 Forgetting the light of birth all along  
 To join the darkness in the world.

(85)

I'll know the final truth.  
 I'll try to gather the various ends of life  
 And burn the dross  
 In the fire of my experience in Self  
 Picking up the grains of wisdom few  
 That stand the test with success.

I shall try to eliminate  
 And struggle to know  
 And reach the terminal point,  
 A rival without,  
 Where the canons of justice meet  
 In full satisfaction to proclaim  
 The verdict of truth unanimous.

(86)

The wonders of habit are they.  
 With the chains of life have I been fettered  
 From times to human search unknown  
 And the grip and hold of constant bonds  
 Have lost that vice in bondage,  
 Taking them all the while  
 As emblems of endless freedom.  
 The darkness of the prison I conceive  
 As my light and lead  
 And would never change my fate  
 To join the luminous rays of the Sun abroad.

(87)

Fancy works throughout  
 Pain and happiness differ  
 With different life  
 That construes its hate and love  
 In divers modes of reason.  
 There they change with shades of temper  
 And paint the world with their variegated hue  
 Maintaining the eminence individual  
 All the while.



Every being has got its balance own  
 And weights of maudlin fancy  
 And with his own measure  
 Gives and takes  
 Unmindful of the neighbouring eye.

(88)

My Lord ! Thou art so tender  
 That a tear from me can melt Thy love,  
 Thou art so humble  
 That a prayer from me brings Thee down from above.  
 Thou art so benevolent  
 That a flower from me secures a blessing.  
 Thou art so kind  
 That a myriad faults of mine are always missing.

(89)

There is the law of work and gain,  
 They must bow to the immutable law  
 And submit themselves meekly  
 To the decree divine.  
 Those who sow the stones,  
 Shall reap the kind,  
 Ignorance of law shall not hold,  
 And shall bind themselves to suffer  
 The dictates of fate.  
 Death saves them not from the clutches of the rule  
 The order of the throne it postpones  
 And through changing life  
 Haunts the victim  
 Till at last the debts are paid in full.

(90)

I am not alone in my journey.  
Though I resign my mortal frame to the earth  
Yet with me on shoulders mine I take  
My bag and baggage of deeds  
Done with the conscious vein of self-interest.  
I carry along my hampered greed  
In hopes of a better chance of life,  
And suffer the burden  
Till at last I find a home  
That suits my cherished aim.

(91)

I call my body, mine and mine ;  
    Why is it that I fret and pine ?  
I call my kindred, mine and mine ;  
    Why is it that I fret and pine ?  
I call my wealth, mine and mine ;  
    Why is it that I fret and pine ?  
I call the world, mine and mine ;  
    Why is it that I fret and pine ?  
If everything is mine and mine,  
    They dare not usurp my claim ;  
But it belongs to Thee and Thine,  
    And obeys the orders of Thy aim.

(92)

The drops that fall from the sky  
Gather together and join the ocean abroad ;  
Let my deeds in selfless duty done  
Join themselves and worship Thy lotus-feet,  
Let every moment of my life  
Be surcharged with Thy love,

And bless my kindred life  
 With the fragrance of Thy hope.  
 Let Thy hope fill the air of my pipe  
 And cheer away the longings of my heart.

(93)

Thy love knows no separation.  
 They in the world join their fates for a time  
 And love and hate  
 And enliven the ennui of their life.  
 They are the sticks that flow along the flood  
 And for a while join, only to separate again,  
 Without the power of a smile or tear.  
 They know it not, whence they come  
 And whitherto they are flying.  
 Still they pretend to know  
 And sing their song  
 Until hushed up in silence  
 By the cruel hand of time.

(94)

Enough of Thy blessings, my Lord !  
 I am afraid when I revel in them,  
 I am fast losing my hold on Thee ;  
 Let me not be deceived of my goal  
 And suffer the severe fall  
 Along the self-sufficient steps  
 Only to lose the final grace of Thy hallowed feet  
 That I long to embrace all my life.

(95)

Do you know of the saintly flower  
That bloomed in the woods ?  
'Twas there all its life  
With all its smile and grace  
And filled the air with its fragrance sweet,  
And with the advance of time  
Withered its petals  
And threw them from the stem  
To the soil from whence they came.  
Though it did not grace the braid of thy lady-love  
And nobody ever dreamt of its life  
Yet it shone  
And had its birth and worship  
With silent hymns of love and service  
Till the last moments of its decay.

(96)

My Lord ! Thou art eating the players of Thy team,  
Tell me what it means ;  
Thou art killing the babes of Thy womb,  
Tell me what it means ;  
Thou art felling the trees of Thy life,  
Tell me what it means ;  
Thou art breaking the toys of Thy play,  
Tell me what it means ;  
Is it that change is the motto of Thy game,  
If so, tell me if these are Thy means.

## (97)

I play with the cards of my own  
I build the hut of the poor,  
I look at it and smile and build again.  
I build the mansion of the rich,  
I look at it and smile and build again.  
I build the palace of the king,  
I look at it and smile and build again.  
I tear the cards and my fancy,  
I look at them and smile  
And do not build again.

## (98)

Fly away, my charming bird !  
The gates of thy cage are open  
And the air of freedom hails thee from afar,  
Alas ! Thou hast forgotten thy nature  
And weakened the swing of thy wings ;  
Thou couldst no longer soar high in the sky  
And breathe the melodious song  
And preach thy message of truth  
To break the bonds of elusion.

## (99)

Twinkle, twinkle, star ;  
And fill my heart with thy message of love.  
They that care to ignore thy light  
Are the hirelings of a perverted brain.  
They know it not  
That it breathes the air of love, pure and simple  
Unmindful of their response  
With love or hate.  
Thou shalt shine with thy smile for ever,  
And cheer the yearning soul with thy hope.

(100)

My Lord ! I am suffering from my fall.  
I cannot look at the height ;  
My eyes have lost the power of vision.  
The fibres of my brain  
Their balance have lost,  
And my limbs are benumbed to the dire pangs of death.  
I see the glimmer of Thy light,  
But wilt Thou not pity an helpless soul  
And raise him up  
From the gloomy depth of darkness  
That shrouds his unhappy being  
To the eternal fame of Thy benevolent greatness ?

(101)

Life to life whispers love  
And breathes the unbroken charm  
In terms distinct and without a doubt.  
The wise hear the notes that fill the air  
And proclaim the freedom of bonds  
From the shackles of fancied pain  
That visit the unhappy soul  
And makes him suffer in heaven  
The pangs of hell.

(102)

My Lord ! Thou canst do and undo.  
Thou hast made the laws of life  
And canst change them at Thy will.  
I come at Thy door  
With the offerings of my sins,  
And dare to approach Thy mercy,

Thus to confess away the impending harm.  
 I long to join the virtue of Thy redeeming love  
 And cross the threshold of recurring pain  
 Never to besmear myself  
 With the darkness of vice again.

## (103)

The rays belong to the sun,  
     But the sun does not belong to the rays ;  
 The waves belong to the sea,  
     But the sea does not belong to the waves ;  
 The sword belongs to the brave,  
     But the brave does not belong to the sword ;  
 The word belongs to the sound,  
     But the sound does not belong to the word ;  
 My Lord ! Though I belong to Thee,  
     I confess, Thou dost not belong to me.

## (104)

Thou art all-knowing,  
     But didst Thou not hear my call ?  
 Thou art almighty,  
     But canst Thou not raise me from my fall ?  
 Thou art all-pervading,  
     But didst Thou not gauge my mind ?  
 Thou art the hope of every being,  
     But canst Thou not save me and my kind ?

## (105)

'Tis the creation of my will.  
I create the sweet perfumes of my desire  
And fill the vacuum of my silence  
With the fragrance unknown to the common herd,  
And dedicate my breath  
To the sweet grace of my Lord.  
I stumble and pause  
And hide my fall in tears  
And promise never to usurp  
The seat of ephemeral charm  
Only to lament over Thy loss  
In penitent solitude.

## (106)

Thou art That, proclaims the voice from the sky.  
Let those that care to hear,  
Listen to the song of hope  
And learn to believe  
And welcome the eternal bliss beyond.  
Let those that care to know,  
Listen to the song divine  
And work their wheel  
To join the eternal truth beyond.  
Let those that care to act  
Listen to the song of life  
And ply their wires of peace  
To hail the eternal love beyond.





